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EDMUND DEACON, HORACE PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1645.

Choice Poetry.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

Bright things can never die,
Tho' they may fade,
Beauty and sweetness
Dwell like wave made;
What though the rose shed
Flower at eve away;
Look not the sweet's not ray
Silver the night?
Bright things can never die,
Such my philosophy.

Bright things can never die,
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast,
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Aye, in all years and climes,
Dearest and sweet;
Kind words can never die,
Such my philosophy,
Tho' in the vast deep lie,
God knows how dear.

Childhood can never die—
Wreck'd be the past
Floats on the memory
Ever to the east,
Many a happy thing—
Many a diamond spring
Flows, on time's ceaseless wing,
Fair, but unheeded, quickly.

Childhood can never die,
Such my philosophy,
Works of our misery
Bear fairies never die,
They have a behind
Some enjoy'd in the mind—
Some happy to think on—man.
Pass as day's earliest beam,
Sunning the gentle stream,
In the heart they live,
Yet, though those things pass by,
Faith my philosophy
Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade

Original Novelet.

CLARA MORELAND;

OR,

ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "FRANKLIN FLOYD," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "ROSALIE DE FORT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

RECOVERY.

The first recollection I have after the events described in the foregoing chapter, I opened my eyes in a small cabin or hut, constructed of sticks, bark, earth, and skins, and found myself lying upon a mat in one corner, with a few skins thrown over me to protect me from the cold. There was no person present; and I looked around on a bewildered air, trying to recollect where I was, and what had happened. Then something rages, but terrible, began to float through my mind, like the confused remembrance of a hideous dream; and from this it gradually took the form of reality; till, one by one, memory placed before me the incidents which are already known to the reader.

I recalled to mind my captivity, and all that had followed, up to the time when I received what I then believed to be my death-wound; and this led me to try and feel the nature and extent of that wound.

But when I attempted to raise my arm for the purpose, I found it stiff and sore, and that I was in nearly naked as when at an Indian. This set me into a train of calculation as to the amount of time which had elapsed since my hurt; but I soon found that I really could not determine whether I had remained unconscious an hour, a day, or a month; while the character of my wounds, though in a rude way, seemed to denote that my heroine deliverer had so far strengthened what I had taken into friendly keeping.

While my mind was thus occupied, a female entered the hut; and as she drew near me, I recognized the features of the squaw who had accompanied Dundenah to adopt me as her son.

It was no pleasant recollection, that fate had so ordained it that I must henceforth have an Indian mother; but since it was to be so, I was inclined to perceive that the kindness of my new parent were by no means repulsive, and that she at least had a human and tidy appearance.

As she came up, I fixed my eyes upon her, with a half inquiring look, and she took them and what had become of Dundenah?

She evidently understood nothing but the name of the foraging-Pawnee; but she looked pleased to hear me speak; and pointing to the door, made some reply in the guttural tone peculiar to the Indian of tender years.

She then made signs that she would call Dundenah, and immediately went out. In a few minutes she returned, and, to my great delight, was accompanied by the object of her inquiry.

The step and bearing of Dundenah were still as proud as ever; but I could not believe that her eye had lost its fiery fierceness of expression, that the brown face of her cherub boy was darkened, and that her generally warm cheek was followed by a shade of sadness amounting almost to melancholy.

These changes, though they added the charm of loveliness to what was before a cold, rigid beauty, I did not perceive at first glance; but I betokened sorrow in the heart of one, who had, no doubt, been long and severely tempted, and who had only pulled her own life to save mine.

As she came up to my side, she bent down, and, with a look of deep love upon me, gently touched my head with her hand, and said, in a tone of deep feeling:

"Does the Dark-Eye know Dundenah?"

"Yes," I replied; "and may I cause to know my mother, when I felt a debt of love and gratitude to your noble conduct?"

Tears involuntarily started to the eyes of the maiden; and hastily her face upon her hands, she wept for the first time in my presence.

I was deeply moved at this display of feeling; and in a gentle tone, I asked her the cause of her sorrow; but she only wept the more, without making any reply.

At last she raised her head, and looking upward, said, reverentially:

"Thanks to the Great Wanderah, that the Dark Eye is restored to his senses!"

"And how long have I been unconscious?" I inquired.

"Ten suns have set and risen since the knife of Oshkie pierced the side of the Dark-Eye."

I could hardly credit the statement, that ten days had passed since I had been removed from the horizon of the stake. It seemed rather like a hideous dream—from which, after a few hours of troubled sleep, I had awakened—and I so expressed myself to my companion.

"Yes," she replied, "ten weary days and nights has death hung over the Dark-Eye; but the Great Wanderah has been pleased not to call him to the Spirit-Land."

"And where is the Blue-Eye?" I inquired, with no little anxiety. "I must not have had befallen her?"

The face of Dundenah instantly flushed to the temples; and again fixing her eyes upon me, with one of those peculiar expressions—which, as I have before remarked, I knew not how to interpret—she said:

"Does the image of the pale-faced maiden ever dwell in the mind of the Dark-Eye?"

"She is seldom absent from my thoughts," I said earnestly.

Again she regarded me, for a few moments, with the same peculiar, searching look of examinance; and then slowly turned aside her head, with what I fancied was a sorrowful, melancholy air.

"But you have not answered my question concerning the Blue-Eye?" I urged.

"She is safe, and well," was her reply.

"Thanks, Dundenah, for this cheering news!" I rejoined. "Is she a clear prisoner?"

She has the same freedom of others of her sex: she has long been a favorite of the tribe."

"Has she ever been here to see me?"

"Daily."

"And how does she bear herself?"

"She weeps when with the Dark-Eye, and all those seem sad and dejected."

"Poor Clara!" I ejaculated: "would to Heaven she were with her friends!"

Could the Dark-Eye consent him to remain with the Wapecoshaks, were the Blue-Eye absent?" inquired Dundenah, quickly.

"I would that she were with her friends; and I know too well the obligation that binds me here, to think of accompanying her," I replied.

"There are many who will promise much in the hour of difficulty and danger, and forget their promise when difficulty and danger are past," said Dundenah.

"It may be so, Dundenah; but count not me among their number."

"And the Dark-Eye would have his companion in captivity among her friends, and yet himself remain with the Wapecoshaks?"

"Even so. But she will be sent home!"

"It is far—very far—to the home of the Blue-Eye," said the Indian-girl, reflectingly: "but Kenseloo is powerful to accomplish his will."

"And who can so plead with him as Dundenah?" I rejoined, with a ray of hope that seemed to say that I might yet accomplish the delivery of Clara.

"But if Kenseloo is powerful to do his will, he is also wilful, and headstrong," returned Dundenah. "He will be loth to give up a prisoner will. For his daughter might plead to him in vain."

"But you will try, Dundenah?" I said, wistfully: "you promised me so much!" I added, in a few moments afterward.

"For the sake of the Dark-Eye, Dundenah will try," she replied, in a tone of earnest simplicity, turning upon me a look so sweet and gentle, that I could hardly realize she was the same cold, proud, haughty being I had first known.

"Thanks! thanks!" a thousand thanks, for your kindness!" I rejoined, in a tone of exhilaration. "You restore me to life, and then restore to you still greater, by letting me see the Blue-Eye as soon!"

Dundenah shook her head gently.

"The Dark-Eye is too weak to-day," she said: "he must not be excited. He needs rest to bring back his strength—for now he is in danger of fever."

She then turned to my Indian mother, and said a few words to her in her native tongue. The latter immediately went down a ladder from a peg in the wall, and poured therefrom into a horn-cup a quantity of liquid. This cup she handed to Dundenah, who handed it to me, saying:

"Let the Dark-Eye drink this, and forget his sorrows in sleep."

"Pshaw!" said I, as I took the cup and looked at its dark contents. "It will send me to sleep which has to waking."

Dundenah looked at me with a sigh, and rejoined, rather sternly:

"Is the Dark-Eye then suspicious of those who have perilled their lives to save his?"

"Forgive me!" I returned: "I meant no offence. I will drink the draught, and first tell me of my wound!"

"It is bandaged—though thought at the time to be mortal," she replied.

"And the ball struck the blow?"

"I shed by the hand of Dundenah," cried my companion, with something of her original fierceness. "She was a Wapecoshaks, and no worthy to live."

Then, be it remarked, was the second time I had heard the word Wapecoshaks mentioned; and though I have explained its signification to the reader, by way of parenthesis, yet I was not till afterward, during my captivity, that I learned it myself.

"I will forgive. There—drink!"

"One question more, Dundenah: What be came of Lungee?"

"He escaped the vengeance of the Wapecoshaks," she replied, with another frown.

"He is pursued?"

"Yes, by twenty warriors."

"Thank God that he has escaped!" was my mental ejaculation.

I now again looked to the contents of the cup and, as if truth must be told, without other misgivings than it might prove a deadly anodyne. Not that I thought Dundenah or my Indian mother wished my death—for if so, why had they endangered their lives to save mine? or why not have send me to my last sleep during my unconsciousness?

Whatever it had no fears that they meant me ill—but rather that they might have mistaken the character of the potion they gave me.

Had there been an opportunity to have thrown a part of it away, without being observed, I certainly should have done so; but the eyes of Dundenah were upon me; and I could not think of offending her by refusing to drink what she had prepared with so much solicitude.

These changes, though they added the charm of loveliness to what was before a cold, rigid beauty, I did not perceive at first glance; but I betokened sorrow in the heart of one, who had, no doubt, been long and severely tempted, and who had only pulled her own life to save mine.

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Our Picture Gallery.

THE WHIRLWIND.

We give our readers this week a representation of another of the remarkable phenomenon of the elements. Whirlwinds are caused by the meeting of two currents of air, coming from different directions, which, forming an alley, revolve with considerable rapidity, frequently destroying trees, and even houses. Instances are not rare of persons being carried up in the air by them, and carried some distance, sometimes with fatal results, and seldom without bodily injury. They are accompanied by a loud, rushing noise, clouds of dust, and fragments of whatever objects may be in their track. The whirlwind which we have represented above, was one of peculiar nature, and powerful in its force. It occurred in Exeter, England, and was witnessed by two men from the door of an inn. Whilst conversing within the house, they heard a peculiar, rushing noise, and on going to the door to inquire the cause, they observed the whirlwind coming down the road opposite the house. As it neared them, it changed its course, and passed over a stream of water, drawing portions of the wharf, as immense log of timber, and a boat, out of the water, and depositing them, crushed and broken, a twenty feet upon the bank. The force of the whirlwind they observed was terrific—large trees were torn up by the roots, branches of trees, and other articles which had been taken up by the air in its terrific course. The power of the wind is severely felt in what is called a "land blow," but in a whirlwind, its crushing, tearing, and annihilating power is more felt, and, in all records a sight of much grandeur, though attended with some degree of danger.

I explained to her how that, in saving me from the torture, Dundenah and Omoma had broken responsible with their lives for my escape—how they knew that they could never be safe from the vengeance of the Wapecoshaks, if I were permitted to live—and how they had, therefore, resolved to take me with them to the Grand Prairies, and there, with the Pawnees, make me their captive.

"But perhaps," suggested Clara, "Dundenah might prevail upon the Indians to consent to your departure?"

I had good reason to believe that Dundenah would make no such effort in my behalf; and I felt that I should be unjust to her, were I to expect it, without saying wherefore.

"Then will I remain also," returned Clara, firmly.

"But think of your parents! your friends!"

"Oh! my dear parents!" cried she, bursting into tears—"how have they borne my loss? It has been long since I have received a letter from you."

"The more reason, then, that you should return to them, without delay," I urged.

"And leave you here a prisoner?"

"But I shall be a prisoner if you stay, dear Clara—and why should you suffer from my misfortune?"

"But I should be afraid to go two days out alone, dear Henry. No! no! I will remain and take my chance with you."

I thought of Wacouli, my rival, to whom her hand was pledged—and of her stern father implacable hatred—and of the many circumstances that would indeed separate her forever from me—and I urged her no more; for in her presence—captive though she was—I felt that I had other captivity, her hope of release must be fixed on the grave.

I therefore changed the conversation, by inquiring how it was that, if at liberty, she had never come to visit me in the Council House?

"I was not permitted," she replied. "Dundenah—and I was told that should I either see you—or, by my voice, in any way make known to you that I was living—she would take care to have me closely watched, and thus prevent me from being of any service to you. To have been so separated, would have been worse than death, and fear kept me silent."

"And how was it you saw not the Hermit?"

On the return of the warriors, I was escorted by Dundenah, first, seeing me in their midst, I should be slain. By her instructions, I had previously been hurried into the tent—so that I could not be tried for the stake so you were."

"Is she dead—speak of me then?" I said, in a low tone.

"Often—in fact, she seldom holds any conversation with me, without in some manner introducing your name."

It was now for the first time that a startling suspicion across my mind—that it was undoubtedly the reader has ere this fixed upon for a certainty—namely—that the Indian maiden had conceived a strong passion, for me—and the extent of which might be determined from her anxious care, her powerful exertions, and the firmness of her character. A hundred things I had not before thought of, now rushed upon my recollection, all tending to confirm this suspicion.

And startling it was; for if it really were as I fancied, I foresaw that serious, if not terrible, consequences must ultimately ensue to one or both.

This then, perhaps, was why Clara and I had been separated, and not allowed to meet, till fate or Providence had unexpectedly thrown us together: this then accounted for the strange coldness and reserve of manner I had noticed in my companion in captivity, and her steadfast refusal to answer my questions concerning the interior that she had been finally dealt with: this then was why she had seemed so ready to take her life, or set her at liberty, at my request: and this, to conclude, was the reason why she had neither revealed to me my own life, and treating in my honor to remain forever among her tribe.

All these things, I say, now flashed upon me at once; and I involuntarily sighed, as I thought of the pain I must give her.

"Why do you sigh, Hermit, and seem so dejected?" inquired Clara, tenderly.

I hesitated no longer; but, without a word in reply, instantly drank off the liquid. It had a bitterish taste, I recollect; but was neither nauseous nor unpleasant. Its effect, however, was quick and powerful; for scarcely had I swallowed it, when I felt a dull, delirious languor begin to steal over me. I no longer had the command of myself; and if my own failure had then appeared to me, and told me I was free, I should not have taken the trouble to make him my prisoner. I felt myself sinking into a deep slumber—slowly, gradually, as by their own will—and then, from eyes and senses, and perfectly happy, I sank into a sweet oblivion.

When I again opened my eyes, it was night—the same time of night I had no means of knowing. The hut was dark—or, rather, only light by the ruddy glare of a fire, which was blazing on the common, and which shone in through a few crannies at the door, where I was several times to keep out the cold—for it was now late in the fall, and the nights were warm lively.

I felt refreshed by my sleep, but somewhat faint for the want of food, and very thirsty. I partook of neither the last, as well as I could, because there was no person in attendance. Thinking could see no person in attendance. Thinking could see no person in attendance. Thinking could see

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE THE BEST OF THE WEEK, AND IT ALSO. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $6 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We can date the following by terms of $2 per annum, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5.50 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00 "
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00 "

Arrangements for Clubs—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will inform the publisher in time. Any person may commence a Club with any number at any time. Those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we can, when desired, in order to have all the subscriptions in each Club, and at one and the same time, and from the commencement.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible, payable at sight, and may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters desiring a sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can be so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as the city or town in which they live. All letters should be post paid.

Persons wishing their post office changed will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office to which it is to be changed.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves to get up Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will call the attention to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents out of this City. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

OUR NOVELETS.

As we close each one Temporarily, on account of the crowded state of our columns, we may state, for the benefit of strangers who choose to see the number of the Post, that we begin a New Volume the expiration of Mr. Bennett's novelet of

CLARA MORELAND,

as circumstances may determine, commencing an original novelet, by Mrs. Lee Hentz, to be called

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING WHEEL.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT DOLLY'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And follow that by another novelet from Mr. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS;
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are favored by Grace Greenwood to announce a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Grace expects to spend the greater part of the Winter in Rome, and our readers may satisfy themselves from the brilliant sarcasm of the scenes and society she may meet in that famous city and the adjacent portions of Italy.

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper will be continued, and we shall endeavor to make it as interesting as possible, by the selection of some items to every man's daily experience, and comfort!

LARGE CIRCULATIONS.

On the day following the Duke of Welling. ton's funeral, the London Times had a sale of 70,000 copies, 15,000 more than had ever been printed of any one number of the paper before.

That is a large circulation, though our own papers would not consider it extraordinary. Only a few days ago, the Times had a sale of 60,000 over and above the usual number, and the Herald declared that the sale of the Times' description of the funeral procession and solemnities. Probably the usual circulation of that paper is from 50,000 to 55,000. The circulation of our own Herald, of this city, is 77,000 weekly—leading perhaps the largest circulation of any of the popular literary papers in the country, from 55,000 to 60,000.

It is probably each paper that goes out from our office, finds us an average from five to ten readers. Thus we safely calculate the weekly readers of the Post, at from 330,000 to 660,000. A large multitude this—comprising old and young, rich and poor, the sage and the simple, the educated and the almost uneducated—for all these classes we endeavor to provide, and ever find a ward in our columns calculated to make them less wise, or less good; but that, on the contrary, they may be profited by the information and amuse, but to enlighten, exalt and purify their minds.

Complimentary to Protestantism.—A late number of the Roman Catholic Register, contains a leading Roman Catholic paper, contains a long dissertation on the Madiai case, in which the writer says:

"I would conclude by observing that it is easy to see from this case, how Protestantism is opposed to the entirely Catholic community in our land, and how, in the latter, every one is free to profess his own utter religious tenets, the Protestant alone excepted. Protestantism is not tolerated in its realm, and we, without denying the existence of any sect, would be glad to see the introduction of Catholicity or any other religion."

That is the truth—at least as far as Protestantism is concerned. Protestantism is essentially and necessarily intolerant. Hence the Rev. Dr. Cuyler's famous Sunday Mail Report (which, as we have before said, we have not seen,) says of some Catholic religious institutions, "we call religious rights."

Which while this is true—while all must acknowledge that Protestantism cannot be in fellowship with Catholicism, and Protestantism not being false to itself—with what face can any one, not a Protestant, ask for toleration, for protection, for equality of rights, for the right of justifying the denial of such religious freedom to others, as we ourselves claim for ourselves? A man may be compelled by his principles to grant what it is the height of ignorance and intolerance to withhold.

A CORRECTION.

We have received the following note from Mr. Emerson Bennett, which we cheerfully lay before the public:

Philadelphia, Jan. 24th, 1859.

Dear Sir—Will you permit me, through your paper, to correct a mistake that Messrs. Ehrman & Gorman, of Cincinnati, O., have made in their advertisement of "Mary Moreland, or Marksmen, or the Outlaws of New York," with which I have nothing to do, and which I have the honor of, and never had it even. If it has any merit, I am not to blame for it, and if it has not, certainly do not wish to be censured. I have written a book, which I hope to sell, however, that I am willing to be judged by the public in question. I believe the gentlemen above named have published a number of books, and no doubt have been curious of it, or have seen the work, and will be kind enough to copy this note in order that the book is none of mine.

Please do me the favor, and oblige, and very much oblige, yours truly,

EMERSON BENNETT.

The Newsboys Lecture.—The Norwegians in Milwaukie, Wisconsin, deny that the Norwegian names about which so much ridicule has been said in the papers, is the Eastern Legion. They say that it is a scrupulous disease, only found in the city of Bergen and its vicinity, and is a consequence of living principally upon fish —as many hundreds of poor families in that part of Norway are obliged to do—generation after generation. The officers, they say, by no means contagious, though, like other diseases of the blood, hereditary. It is usually by change of food and of generic mode of living.

The Rescue.—It is reported—though late foreign papers throw some doubt on the fact—that Mr. Dallas has succeeded in getting the slaves at Florence. The correspondent of the "London Times," of Jan. 7th, says:

"I am glad to be able to state that the Lucchesi prisoners, the Madiai, have at last been released. The Grand Duke of Tuscany has granted them a free pardon, and they have left for Florence, on their way to Leghorn, where they will embark for England."

Besides, the Rev. Mr. Dallas has been admitted to him in his flock." We think this very unlikely, however, and should not credit it without further proof.

Reason.—Last week, in an article upon vegetable diet, we spoke in one place of an extraordinary fact. We said that the reason was extraordinarily capricious. The meaning is obvious, but the error would be rather mortifying to the writer, if he did not know that it was a slip of writing celerities, and reading proofs.

Our Common Schools.—We have seen it stated in a number of papers, that Mr. Buchanan, partly educated in one of the public schools of Lancaster, and that a daughter of Prof. Daniel Fillmore was also educated in the New York public school, at the time of her father's election to the Presidency.

It cost the British nation $400,000 to bury the Duke of Wellington. Almost any Yankee would have done it for half the money.

General News.

What One Boston Corner Thinks.—As our readers will see by the following, the Boston Herald sensibly takes the sensational tongue-in-cheek view of the Buchanan Ball. We publish the following editorial from the *London Times*, of Jan. 7th:—

The Inauguration and Reception of Mr. Buchanan.

Mr. Buchanan's reception, if considerably fought, the speeches of the American statesmen, and the ball, which is to be given in honor of the President elect, are matters of comparative interest. Whether they will be followed by the usual consequences under which they now appear to be preceded, remains to be seen. Mr. Buchanan's reception will be a test of the popularity of the Union party; in his speech he will lay down the principles of his future policy; and the ball will be the occasion of the display of the beauty and fashion of the metropolis. The ceremony will be conducted with the usual republican simplicity. The President elect will arrive at the Capitol in a carriage and four, and will be received by the Senate, the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, and the Heads of Departments. He will then take the oath of office, and will read his inaugural address. The ceremony will be concluded by the President elect's return to his residence. The ball will be given in the evening. The Senate will be converted into a ball-room, and the Supreme Court into a supper-room. The Diplomatic Corps will be present in full dress, and the Heads of Departments will be accompanied by the ladies of their households.

New Jersey.—Mr. Wright (Dem.) has been elected to represent the State in the U. S. Senate, in the place of Mr. Dayton, the present incumbent, whose term of office will expire on the 4th of March next, in the place of Jacob W. Miller, the present Democratic incumbent, whose term of office will expire on the 3d of March, 1861.

Gen. Price.—The President elect writes to the Boston authorities that the Hon. Sidney Clarke has recently forfeited him with a crushing weight, it is to be hoped that the Mayor will act promptly and privately as circumstances will permit. The Mayor of Boston is entitled to the support of all patriots of whatever party; in his efforts to suppress the disgraceful exhibition which they propose to make of themselves, and the name of the town, which has been, and, we trust, will continue to be, the cradle of liberal and future.

Democratic Victory.—The Democrats, in this place and West, have held elections to see who should be Mayor, and the Democrats have carried the day. This is the next best thing to a regular Democratic victory.

Cost, Vice.—The N. Y. Sunday Atlas says:—That man Vanderbilt is a wonderful man. He made the other day in the House of Representatives—Speaker Banks, Governor Seymour, and Mr. Vanderbilt—a speech which was agreed to, and the resolution, as we could write upon a postage stamp. Vanderbilt is, and is altogether a very desirable specimen of the "self-made man."

Tax Sale Reported Clear.—The commissioners appointed by the Governor of Maryland, to investigate the charges against Archibald Sedgely, a police officer of this city, of having forged the name of the Governor of Maryland to certain Pennsylvania, last summer, have reported that the charges have been fully sustained, and that they had succeeded in recovering the money. Pennsylvania has reason to be thankful for such a result.

The Massachusetts Legislature has referred to a Select Committee, to report as to the expediency of the State's withdrawing from the Union, the fundamental principles of the act.

Long Schooling.—The amount of the early labors in behalf of ocean steam navigation, and the encouragement which he was able to obtain for it, died on Sunday at his residence in Brooklyn, L. I. Mr. Stevens was the first engineer connected in an essential upon him two years ago on the occasion of the celebration of which he has hastened his death, and a fracture of his hip was the consequence of a post-mortem examination. He was a most excellent citizen.

Death of Judge Grier.—On December 31st, the venerable Judge Grier, of the United States, or so many of them as please, was in court at the United States Court House in this city, and, as usual, took his seat, to make arrangements for entering an order of adjournment. On the 1st of January, he came to state that the invitation does not include Judge Grier, and that he will not be present. Mr. Edgar Neal, who has practised before Judge Grier for many years, and who has always fallen into disagreeable habits of having pursued a step in advance of the Judge, and who, in fact, has had a fair chance. Naughty Edgar!

Letter from General Pierce, in Reference to the Death of Mr. Rantoul.—(Mr.) Beacon, of the 12th instant, announces the sudden death of Hon. Robert Rantoul, Jr. This week, as arrangement with the Pittsburg and Cincinnati Railroad Co., by which the Cincinnati, Pennsylvania is secured, and the charter of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Chicago Co. is adopted as the basis of the great six feet gauge line to the Pacific.

Buyers.—This indispensable article, the Boston Herald says, is now in use in the city for a few days, and would sell lower still, were it not for the extreme demand for shipping. A man in this city has an order from a single firm for 1,000 dozen, which he expects to fill in a few months. The best quality only is selected, which keeps the price of the grade high for home consumption.

Death of the Nonvellists de Marseille, a well known writer, died at Paris on the 31st ult. Mr. Rantoul, who resided in Boston, was a native of Beverly, Mass., and was 57 years of age. He was a man of fine talents, and was highly esteemed by his fellow citizens.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1853.

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Congressional.

SENATE.

On the 24th, Mr. Sebastian, from the Committee on Indian Affairs, made a report relative to the Florida Indians. The Committee think the United States are bound to complete what in 1835 they so unsuccessfully began. Experience has demonstrated that Indians have no greater powers of endurance than the white man, and are susceptible of all the influences which break down repose by quick marches and night attacks on their camping grounds, and that whenever these courses have been pursued by a military force, they have invariably been successful.—The Committee suggest that the troops be accompanied by surveyors, so that each days' march would give the government knowledge of its territory, and place its lands subject to such rights of entry as exist elsewhere, and then effectually convince the Indians that the United States are in earnest for their removal.

Mr. Miller introduced a bill allowing wives of foreign birth, when married to citizens, the same right of dower as native born wives. Referred.

On the 25th, the hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, desirous of hearing Mr. Soulé. The subject of Cuba and the Monroe Doctrine was taken up.

Mr Soulé addressed the Senate. He said that what he had in view, on a former occasion, in asking a postponement of the debate, was to prevent himself from a too hasty expression of his sentiments on so grave and momentous a question.—He had desired time to school his mind to meet the exigencies of the debate, and he was now about to submit his views. Whatever was the object of the call, it had resulted in the triumph of the distinguished Minister of State, and has, perhaps, thrown obstacles in the way of the next Administration. Mr. Soulé thought the letter addressed to Mr. Everett, by France and England, conveyed a threat, which should have been rebuked. He did not unite in the commendations bestowed upon the letter of Mr. Everett, in disclaiming, on the part of the United States, any desire for the acquisition of Cuba at this time. France and England invite the United States to participate in a Convention not to take Cuba, nor at any time assume a dominion over Cuba; which invitation we refuse, but, at the same time, emasculate our refusal, by telling them we intend to do precisely what they ask us to do. He had heard much of plucking the fruit when it was ripe; he saw but little difference so far as Spain was concerned, between plucking it when ripe, or before it had ripened. The common law made the distinction between the trespass of taking fruit from the tree, and the larceny of taking it after it had fallen from the parent stem. Let gentlemen be careful that while they wait for the fruit to ripen that it does not rot. He could not see why Senators could denounce the publication of the proposition of this Government to purchase Cuba, when they themselves, in their places in the Senate, declared to the world their willingness to do so. He considered the publication of that correspondence wrong. The present Administration must have found that correspondence placed away in a secret safe, under seal, and to be preserved as a State secret. Senators praised the President for the manner in which he had settled the difficulties with the Cuban authorities. What were those difficulties?

In the New York Daily Times, of August 19th, appeared a paragraph announcing the arrival of the the Crescent City, and stating: "We are indebted to the Purser, Mr. Smith, for prompt delivery of memoranda." This was the origin of the difficulty. It was followed by an order of the Cuban authorities, that if the said Purser William Smith, or any other person, shall in future venture to publish in the American papers anything relating to Cuban affairs, the vessels, having such persons on board, shall be denied entry into Havana; and on no account shall Mr Smith be allowed to return, and the steamer returning with him on board shall be dismissed the port. Here a Spanish official, in Cuba, defines and provides a punishment for an offence which, if committed at all, is committed within the territories of the United States, including in that punishment the dismissal of the vessel from that port. The proprietors of the steamers, determined to maintain and insist upon their rights as American citizens and those privileges which they were not conscious of having forfeited by any act whatever, amounting to a crime.

He could not give his assent to the course of the administration, in siding with Spain throughout these difficulties, nor could he yield his commendations to it for its conduct towards the American citizens complaining of wrong. Mr. Soulé proceeded to assail the conduct of the administration in the Lopez affair. Referring to the alleged domestic reasons for not having Cuba now, he said it was admitted by all, that Cuba was bound to become ours, but not now. The Senator from Virginia was for letting the fruit ripen and fall to our lap; the President was willing to purchase, but not now, for domestic reasons. He read a letter from Lord Palmerston to Lord Howden, dated October 20th, 1852, to tell the Spanish Government that the slaves of Cuba formed a large portion of its population, and any steps for their emancipation, would accord with the wishes of England, and that if they were freed it would create a powerful element of resistance to annexing Cuba to the United States. ...

... Union. This was in the Senate of the United States. And yet no one rose to vindicate the memory of John Quincy Adams, or to express an emotion even of *surprise*, or of *regret*, that it had been thought necessary thus to invade the sanctity of the honored grave where the illustrious statesman who had so recently passed the gates of death was sleeping. I was not of New England by residence, education or descent, and there were reasons enough why I should then endure in silence a pain that I shared with so many of my countrymen. But I then determined, that when the tempest of popular passion that was then raging in the country should have passed by, I would claim a hearing here—not to defend or vindicate the sentiments which the Senator from Michigan had thus severely censured, for Mr. Adams himself had referred them, together with all his actions and opinions concerning slavery—not to this tribunal, or even to the present time, but to that after age which gathers and records the impartial and *ultimate judgment* of mankind—but to show how just and generous he had been in his public career towards all the members of this confederacy, and how devoted to the Union of the States and to the aggrandizement of this Republic. I am thankful that the necessity for performing that duty has passed by, and that the statesman of Quincy has, earlier than I hoped, received his vindication, and has received it, too, at the hands of him from whom it was justly due—the accuser himself. I regret only this—that the vindication was not as generously as it was effectually made.

Mr. Seward proceeded to show that Mr. Adams was the author of that doctrine—commonly called the Monroe Doctrine—contained in the following clause of Mr. Monroe's Message:—"The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power; and while existing rights should be respected, the safety and interest of the United States require them to announce that no future colony or dominion shall, with their consent, be planted or established in any part of the North American continent."

John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun were then members, chief members, of Monroe's Administration. John Quincy Adams afterwards acknowledged that he was the author of that doctrine or policy; and John C. Calhoun, on the 15th of May, 1848, in the Senate, testified on that point fully. A Senator had related an alleged conversation, in which Mr. Adams was represented as having said that three memorable propositions contained in that message, of which what I have quoted was one, had originated with himself. Mr. Calhoun replied, that Mr. Adams, if he had so stated, must have referred to only the one proposition concerning recolonization, (the one now in question,) and then added as follows:—"As respects that, his (Mr Adams's) memory does not differ from mine. * * * * * * It originated entirely with Mr. Adams."—*App. Cong. Globe*, 1847-8, p 631.

Mr. Seward then referred to Mr. Adams's instructions to Mr. Forsyth, our Minister to Spain, to show that he was among the first to proclaim the "transcendent importance" of Cuba to the United States. Mr Adams said:—

Such, indeed, are, between the interests of that island and of this country, the geographical, commercial, moral, and political relations, formed by nature, gathering in the process of time, and even now verging to maturity, that, in looking forward to the probable course of events, for the short period of half a century, it is scarcely possible to resist the conviction that the annexation of Cuba to our Federal Republic will be indispensable to the continuance and integrity of the Union itself. It is obvious, however, that for this event we are not yet prepared. ...

... during stream that visited and touched all the banks of controversy, but glided away from them; and especially avoided ploughing into the depths of any conclusion. Its tendency, I think, was to exasperate the American people against the European powers, and to irritate them. I cannot sympathise with such a spirit. I would submit to no real wrong and justify no oppression or tyranny committed by them, but, on the other hand I will seek no factitious cause of controversy. I want no war with them—we are sure to grow by peace. A war between the two continents would be a war, involving not merely a trial of which was the strongest, but the integrity of our Republic. Before such a war shall come, I want to see Canada transferred from her false position in Europe, to her true position on this continent. Texas peopled like Massachusetts—the interior of the continent cultivated like Ohio, and Oregon and California not only covered like New York with Forts and Arsenals and Docks and Navy Yards; but grappled fast to New York and Washington by an iron chain, that stretches its links through the passes of the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains. The Senator tells us that the question of the acquisition of Cuba may be upon us to-morrow and may not be upon us for twenty-five years. That is to say, it stands now, so far as we can see, where it has stood for twenty-five years past. But he advises us to be ready—that is just what I propose to do. And the way to keep ready, is to keep cool. If we keep cool, we shall be none the less prepared, if the portentous question shall indeed come to-morrow, while, on the other hand, excessive heat, prematurely generated, will be sure to pass off before the expiration of the longer period.

Mr. Cass—I desire to say a word or two in reply to the Senator from New York; and the first is, that I cannot characterize his speech in a proper manner, so long as I entertain a respect for myself and the Senate. But I will say this, that of all the speeches I have heard from that Senator, and that is saying a good deal, this is the most disingenuous, and most marked with selfish complacency than I have ever heard in the Senate. I am not going to follow him through all his remarks. I have risen simply to read to the Senate the passage in my speech of 1850, which he would not read, and which an honest and just man would have read because he did not want it to go out with his own speech. He then referred to his speech in 1850, on the Wilmot Proviso, in which he had commented upon a published portion of Mr. Adams's diary, on the subject of the Missouri controversy; and in which Mr. Adams declared the Constitution was a compact of vice—and read the whole of it to the Senate, repeating the sentiment then uttered as his sentiments. Now, he said, that in preparing this resolution, he had taken nothing from Mr. Adams, but had quoted the words of Messrs. Monroe and Polk.

Mr. Gwin moved to postpone the subject till the 4th of March next. Several Senators desired to speak on the subject, and as there were only thirty days left of the session for practical legislation, he thought it was time to commence it. The Senate would be in session after the 4th of March, and this subject could be debated then as well as now.

Mr. Mason said, that the President's Message, communicating the correspondence on the Clayton Treaty was before the Committee on Foreign Relations. In that message the President stated that he had no information as to whether any colonization had taken place or not. But, information had been received in other forms, which was sufficiently authentic perhaps to justify legislative action. If it should be true, as stated, that Great Britain has established a colony at the place designated, whether in violation of the treaty or not, one thing was certain, that colony must be discontinued.

Mr. Dawson said this question was assuming an apparently portentous shape. ...

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Local News.

ARREST OF AN ALLEGED FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.—On Friday, the 25th, a colored man by the name of Richard Neal, a manumitted slave, for some time past employed as ostler by Townsend Sharpless, was arrested on a requisition, upon the alleged charge of enticing away certain slaves, (his wife and children,) from the estate of Commodore Isaac Mayo, of the United States Navy, in Anne Arundle, Maryland. The arrest was made by an officer from that State, aided by two officers of this city. The party had a warrant from Gov. Bigler, of this State, issued in compliance with the demand of the Governor of Maryland upon him. The prisoner was brought before Alderman Kenney, and was, by that magistrate, committed to the custody of the Maryland officer, on his identity being established. The officer having him in charge and the complainant, Commodore Mayo, thereupon determined upon the summary course of carrying him away from Philadelphia, without allowing him to communicate with either his employer, family or friends, inasmuch as they were fearful that they might be delayed by some counter legal proceeding. They accordingly hastened to the Baltimore Depot, but were left by the two o'clock train. The officers then proceeded to Chester in a chaise.

At Chester, the officers waited for the 10 o'clock line. In attempting to put their prisoner aboard the cars, they were obstructed by a number of persons who had come down from the city with a writ of *habeas corpus* from Judge Thompson, of the Court of Quarter Sessions. Being beyond the jurisdiction of the justice who had issued it, they disregarded the writ. A mob of blacks beset the cars, and while the officers were struggling to get the prisoner in, and his friends were trying to pull him back, the train started, leaving the whole party behind. The prisoner was now taken to the Chester lock up. When the eight o'clock train came down, next morning, ...

ALMANAC.

Feb. 1853.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
5 Saturday,	6 55	5 5	11 52	
6 Sunday,	6 54	[illegible]	12 51	
7 Monday,	6 53	5 7	1 38	
8 Tuesday,	6 52	5 8	2 20	D. H. M.
9 Wedn'day,	6 51	5 9	3 3	Last 1 1 5
10 Thursday,	6 49	5 11	[illegible]	New 8 12 19
11 Friday,	6 48	5 12	4 35	First 15 9 56
12 Saturday,	6 47	5 13	5 17	Full 23 8 9

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Jan. 23	35	38	40
24	36	38	39
25	30	31	36
26	23	24	21
27	14	21	24
28	19	24	28
29	24	33	37

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Edward C. Jones, Mr. WILLIAM A. OFFERMAN, of this city, to Miss SUSANNAH C. DICE, of Southwark.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. McGlocken, Mr. JOHN T. BURCH, of Swedesborough, N. J. to Miss HELEN HADLEY, of Southwark.

On the 3d June last, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. HENRY N. WALL, to Miss ELIZABETH GERHARDT, all of Philadelphia.

On the 23th Dec. last, at the Montgomery Hotel, by Mayor Gilpin, Mr. JOSEPH KENDERDINE, to Miss HANNAH E. JONES, both from Montgomery county.

At Prairie Cottage, Clark county, Missouri, on the 16th Dec. by the Rev. Mr. Beman, Dr. RICHARD A. THOMAS, formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss MARIA K. SMITH, of the former place.

On the 1st ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. FREDERICK ORTH, to Miss ELIZABETH LINES, both of this city.

On the 13th ult. by the Rev. Thomas Ward, Mr. WILLIAM GARDNER, to Miss REBECCA BOILEAU, all of Spring Garden.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Isaac W. Hayhurst, JAMES M. FLANAGAN, to EMMA, daughter of the late Jos. Sexton, both of this city.

On the 18th Nov. last, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, JOSEPH H. LAMBERT, to Miss HANNAH J. CHESTER, both of this city.

On the 24th ult. at St. Paul's Church, Rahway, N. Jersey, by the Rev. E. W. Peet, J. E. DE GRAW, of Princeton, to MARY, daughter of D. P. Merrick, Esq. of Rahway.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. Jerman, ...

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OF MACKENZIE HALL, if living—he is about fifty-five years of age. When last heard of (over thirty years since, in 1821,) he was engaged in the milling or douring business somewhere in the vicinity of Philadelphia.
Should this meet his eye or that of any of his descendants, or any person in possession of any information concerning him, they will confer a particular favor by addressing a line to the Rev. JOHN R. HALL, Louisville, Ky. jan29-2t*
Louisville, Ky., Jan. 17th, 1853.

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Selected Poetry.

SCHOOL FRIENDSHIP.

We were friends when our childish sorrows
Closed into the dark, I wote,
The memory of their mournful troubles
Vanished after the gold interest.
When love, in our mimicry ordered estate,
A home from false knight,
Where we, in true honesty living,
Did love as we should not love.

Her close eyes became her childhood,
And her dark and sunny tresses
Were then tied grief made me elder
Than those she has grown from years;
For Friendship is in one respect like Love,
That few could ever divine
Of the gulf of the gentler laughter
Was on it of a love or mine.

That time, how it comes before me!
The honour our love made, indeed,
The rent in the turgo did gather—
The walk in the leaves did feed—
The gusts, the song, and the reading
Our page, till the twilight came!
Ah! then we but laughed when the children
Came after what we'd to read.

And oh! how my heart, whenever
How was the triumph and prize,
Danced by the time after another
On glowed to her lightning eyes!
And I my warm friendship set up
In me and in behalf
But started from those who loved not
That shone at the light eyes.

Alas for the loving visions
With the dear school days that fled!
For she were to be a lady,
And I was to earn my bread;
They loosed, as it so happened,
The hand which our childhood were,
And fashion too soon from ever
The current of that early love.

As years the moon at its rising
To hang in some lonely tower,
Outspring its lustres was unknown—
Her lone was that moon to me—
But when she climbed the Heavens,
The tone it is shade alone;
Alas! from the life it brightened,
When we had to my meaningful gone!

I've stood in the darkened chamber
Where she passed into the hall,
And many I longed to see
The pride and the queen of all:
And heard how her friends could envy,
And wished I might but resemble
A moment of task, to give her
One moment from my cold heart.

They said she was sick. So often
We had warned each other of pure,
That spoke of the fearful summon,
And spoke of the closing door,
Unopened, suspense—and now
"Some touch of old fondness, now,
May wish to be dear friend to me,"
To rest on the aching brow!

She was wound, and by one above her—
A noble—of wealth and fame—
I was glad, for her sake, his fondness
Should stoop and not call it shame.
To look on her wedding only
—I put my mourning away;
I would not the dearest sorrow
Should cross her day.

And so she is gone: and no one
Her place in my heart can fill;
It is the heart's darkened chamber,
The dead friend lying still.
So I sit in my window lonely,
And long, as she passed,
For a turn of the old affection,
A glance of the softening eye

And to Heaven I still look forward—
Heaven, where the lost are found!
Where the shadow of earthly sorrow
Fall not on the holy ground!
Where the spirit at last understood
May smile at its broken chain!
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To give me my friend again.

Household Words.

Pictures of Life.

"EL DIOS DE LOS REYES," OR KING'S DAY, HAVANA.

For the week preceding the 6th of January, the native Africans of Havana, are in a state of intense excitement. Then the masters and mistresses, are lagged for every spare dollar, dower, bit of time, labor, or fancy of any description whatever; their pocket money is expended on the conventional trash consecrated to the occasion; and many others money is devoted to preparing for that great day on which they may at least fancy for a few hours that they are free. In all the year, this is the only day the black can call his own; the law gives it to him, and no master has a right to refuse his servant the permission to go out for the whole day. At last the important day arrives, the dawn is ushered in by salvos of artillery from the Moro Castle, the negroes pour out of the city gates in crowds, to assemble in the places where they are to dress—dainty firing rooms are they—and the delicate taste is quickly by scenes presenting from the neutral intermassis of Africa. They generally assemble according to their tribes. The Congos, the Lucumis, the Congos, the Mandingoes, &c., in separate parties. One party ordinarily consists of from ten to twenty. There are male and dark dozen principal actors, and the rest long around, and are ready to do any extra dancing or shouting that may be required. Women there are too, in plenty—their dresses we love the neck and high in the arms," dripping our flats bodice, and tinsel flowers, that dance all day long, for the pure love of the fun. Along for one party and then another, constant to none, and therefore having no right to a portion of the money collected.

There are three principal personages that appear with but slight variations of costume in every group, no matter to what tribe it belongs. They are always chiefs, princes, or prophets, or if these untitled individuals are not sufficiently numerous to head the nondescript parties, the highest in rank is always chosen to act the regal African paraphernalia. What a commentary on Royalty is then unconsciously afforded by these native Princes! The King is dressed in a network of red cord, through the intersices of which glisten, daily mingled, the colors of the royal black skin. Round his waist is an immense hoop, with a thick drapery of bone tails of every color of the rainbow, with which hose not found therein.

Another has a hideous mask surmounted with horns—he is the prophet of the tribe, and is sometimes supposed to be gifted with magical powers—at all events he inclines to keep a part of the negro's native creed, that no cultivation nor Christian teaching can eradicate. This Oracle of Tombo hems with his horns, yells, and performs various antics that impress deeply the surrounding negroes. If a white person is perfectly to be alarmed at the unearthly sounds or sights, it is of course a great triumph.

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All day long the Africans are in convulsions of some kind, either dancing or waiting, in an almost incredible degree. The parties cross all the principal streets, and there they will go through with fifteen or twenty minutes violent agitation, during which the contagion pours off their faces, and one unaccustomed to the sight is in momentary expectation of seeing them fall to the ground in the ground, perhaps never to rise again. The only stoppage, however, is when an elaborately dressed negress, with a cane in her-reded and be-ringed, hands round a hat to the spectators in "pencine" and "medino." Up to the forward of the party, and after all is done he produces the money, which goes for the room in which they hold their ball at night—all night indeed, for they keep it up till morning.

Large sums are often collected in that way: one got in less than a quarter of a dollar, and gold occasionally finds its way in; but the negro impressionable of dollars makes it only a matter of very little importance whether they have much or little. Many negroes in wealthy families have pocket money enough to buy their freedom over and over, under the favorable laws of Cuba in that respect, but they never say a word. The lotteries established by law drain them of their money, besides making thieves of them to get it, and keep them perpetually poor and dependent.

The holder of the ball is determinary, but not plenipotent. A phalanx of parishioners attended over a hollow log, and beaten with bones, or a bass or guard filled with brass and moose collected out of all time, complete their instruments. The songs are quite in keeping with the instruments and the performers. On this day they are allowed to use their own language and their own songs—a privilege denied them on other days, and the highest—which the Government chooses, be it decided the guards everywhere—the constables of all business, and the elementary duties the streets are not quite safe after an early hour in the morning, under even the protection of the police.

The statement is such that the best mind indeed be strong that escapes a furious admiration of the wild and free. A word in such fine lovers are seeming enough in their novelty, but the general vacuity of the scene, and to not apt to wish for a repetition of it.

In 1849, Roncali, the Captain-General, then in power, took advantage of the day to invite to give the Creoles of Cuba a significant hint of what they might expect from the Government if they ever attempted disgrace of aid to the revolutionary operations of General Lopez. He prolonged *far labor days* the privileges of the day to the Lucumis, the most warlike of the tribes of African Slaves in Cuba. The hint was well understood, and many a Creole family was ordered and trembled within doors at the fearful threatenings in the unintelligible Gaelic open the standing threat that *"Cuba must be Spanish or Africa."*

As night comes on all the scattered parties begin to crowd back again to their starting point, each one endeavoring to outdo the other in how danced off, and repair the ravages of the day. Let it be remembered that all this dancing has been done under a tropical sun, and that the January of Cuba is sometimes like our June, or even July. All is then brought up by a ball. The money derived from the sale of licenses for negro balls forms no contemptible item in the census of the Queen Mother Cuba.

We are credibly informed that horrid scenes take place within at this time, which we are loathe to recollect by the excitement of the day, and frequent drinks of *aguardiente de cana*—a sort of sugar cane brandy, the worst kind of liquor, have passed into a condition of frenzy, and blows sometimes ensue, where a death blow is not. The balls have been complained of, but the revenue cannot be lost to her Majesty Christina. Besides, it is part of the Spanish policy to keep up the dread of the slave population for the Creoles, and hope thereby to keep them in good state of disposition in regard to the government. To suppress the ball would not be in the line of the policy. It is a curious circumstance that none but the native Africans will take any part in the jollities of the day. Nothing so insults a respectable Cuban-born house-servant as to ask him if he is not going out with some gallant. Even our cook-boy, who was brought from Africa at an early age, could not be induced to join the dance, or look at it from the street. Hearing of this peculiarity, we tempted him by saying "*Vamos Sambo to ver el Congo, to ver nos sailor boy*?" Literally speaking, "Come, old fellow, you've a Congo, you've a sailor. Let's go!" A solemn, dignified "*no*" was the only answer.

This was wound, and by one above her—
A noble—of wealth and fame—
I was glad, for her sake, his fondness
Should stoop and not call it shame.
To look on her wedding only
—I put my mourning away;
I would not the dearest sorrow
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And so she is gone: and no one
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It is the heart's darkened chamber,
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So I sit in my window lonely,
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And to Heaven I still look forward—
Heaven, where the lost are found!
Where the shadow of earthly sorrow
Fall not on the holy ground!
Where the spirit at last understood
May smile at its broken chain!
Where love is immortal as beauty—
To give me my friend again.

Household Words.

THE DOCTRINE OF RACES.

Every age has its prejudices, many and strange, and no philosophy can claim to be wholly free from them. The right to please is a general thing.

The tribes of Horsens are rejoiced when the day it comes. Apart from a certain degree of self-respect—which the Government shows, be it decided the guards everywhere—the constables of all business, and the elementary duties the streets are not quite safe after an early hour in the morning, under even the protection of the police.

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Wit and Humor.

OLD FOGEY AND YOUNG AMERICA.

THOMAS ARNOLD.—Uncle, you have not come up to my just suppositions and our "noble definition of your character, as a gentlemanly officer. Our "mission" is to rebuke your gallant overbearing and wicked spirit of Louis Treachy and Johnny Bull, while we monopolize all the plum cake and pudding on the face of the earth. Our "destiny" is "irresistible," "manifest destiny," "progress" and "no go—not or wrong," "ours, are the true motives. If you keep up to the spirit of these, you may still continue to assuage our wounded pride, and your own. I say it boldly, but most frankly—you must take my place in the family, and give a great seat in the counting house to a better man."

(Old Fogey smile receives chronicles, the shadow of the large "spirit of the age.")

SCENE IN A MUSIC STORE.

Proprietor and customer discussing the merits of a piano. "Yes, sir," said the former, "Miss Estar a freckled-faced sharp, gray-eyed individual, with a gray cotton counted fish hat and muddy boots. He comes in with quite a free and easy step and manner, merely as if a subject under consideration, and the proprietor knew he was never in a music store before. Stands up before the piano a moment without being noticed. Suddenly "dabs" his big fingers on the keys, and draws back, startled at the noise he has made.

"My golly, stranger, what d'you call that ere thing?"

"A piano, sir," said the proprietor briefly, and turning away impatiently.

"A piano, stranger!" echoed the visitor. Just so. My twouse, sin's it a critter. Is that what you call a piano, stranger?"

"No, sir; it is to be played upon. Excuse me for a moment. I am busy."

"Play upon it, you say? Now, I'd like to hear the critter talk. Play a tune, stranger, won't you?"

"I don't play, sir. Besides, I am busy."

"Just so. Now do oblige a feller, won't you? I'll give you a quarter if you will play a tune. Just come up my way, and see if I don't show you a thing or two. Play a tune, won't you?"

"No, sir," replied the proprietor, curtly and sharply.

"Well, you needn't get riled about it. Stranger, you play a feller a tune, won't you?" said the visitor, turning to a third party, with an earnest look.

"Oh, dear, your principles, stranger. Just play a feller a tune. By golly, I'll pay for it, if it cost dad the old gray mare."

"Oh, dear, sir."

"I won't?"

"Well, I jist tell you what, stranger," said the countryman, getting red in the face and commencing to swell up, "I've been a heap over old play on the darned old thing?"

"I've let it to a T," replied the customer, smiling.

"Jist so. All I've got to say is, you're a mean, ignorant set of white niggers, and you don't know how to play on the pianner," said the youth withdrew indignant.—*N. Y. Pregnant.*

Playing Possum.—Some few years since, I was travelling in the Southern States, and encountered a beautiful tragedy of Romeo and Juliet; it was at one of the Western theatres. The "star" in the tragedy was a Mr. Forrest, by the purpose, was at pains to instruct his countrymen how many mongrel races had conspired to the blood of which he filled veins.

"That vein, if seemed thing as Englishman."

That Anglo-Saxon blood was, indeed, varied and lethergy-nervous enough. The "star" studied an infusion by no means prior, and held to be prentice and original, though inviting, in the main, to other elements. The Romeo of Mr. Latham, "ever, from first to last, Color to the mother's milk, of the Anglo-Saxon Celtic Romeo and German." The elements they brought over were only what we had before—Celtic, Roman, Gothic, and Dane.

Thus the Anglo-Saxon blood commences with the Celtic, of which it is a division—that very Celtic with which we are now at war, because according to the popular fallacy; it is antagonistic and deadly enmity. The Anglo-Saxon, the Roman conquered—blood which is shared, in greater or less degree, by every people in southern Europe, and which has never failed to produce the highest civilization. The Anglo-Saxon blood of Asia and Africa; a blood, too, which, we may have derived from the Celtic, which made us of all the races of Italy and the ancient world. Dandelion, the German and Norse elements—very probably very much diluted—made us little primordial purity to boast of. But be that as it may, enough appears to show that the blood of an Anglo-Saxon race, composed of pure Anglo-Saxon elements, is all nonsense; that the Anglo-Saxon race is composed of the same constituents as the other principal European races—the French race, for example—and that it is mere than silliness for us in America to call ourselves Anglo-Saxons, who have crossed, and are still crossing, with the outlandishing, the confusion of the English blood upon the Continent, from the veins of all the nations of continental Europe.

In fact, the United States stand up before the world a living proof of the falsity of the theory of race and of blood. Here we are, as big-gledly-gaggledy race of good people as the world ever saw, with the Germans, the Celts, the vagabonds of Italy, and then finally incorporated with the Anglo-Saxon element, which were nothing, rare variety considered, in comparison with us. It is one of Dr. Knox's strange mistakes that the mixture of races is considered to be destructive to all but the superior race. Experience proves the contrary. Our mixed race is to the very primitive condition and traits. We disperse all this, and show, what all history, indeed, shows, that mixed races are the best of all. Judea of races by which our races are made; and to deepen, and energize, and give to the race the surprising races of the ancient world, each in race its manner, the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Greek, the Carthaginian, the Roman, whose origin is otherwise a dream of antiquarian conjecture. Almost all the superficial nations of Europe have been re-constructed in this way; and these are the weakest which have been the least crossed, and the strongest the latter. The purest populations of Europe," says Dr. Latham, "are the Anglo-Saxon, the Celtic, and the Frisian."—"The most powerful nations are the most heterogeneous."—"The Anglo-Saxon is the most heterogeneous race in the old world—are the most heterogeneous and the most powerful of Europe," says Dr. Latham. "We would-be Anglo-Saxons of America—are still more, and getting to be proud-grossly more, and more heterogeneous, whenever we can. We can be satisfied though that we are destined to become, sure, far more powerful.—*North American Review.*

Sensitiveness of the Hair.—The following remarkable instance of the sensitiveness of the hair is given by a correspondent of the *Times*:

"In the Hospital of the Royal Guards at Paris, was a private soldier who had received a bullet wound on the back of the head. The lower portion of the wound could only be kept open by the introduction of a piece of lint, which was of almost innumerable thickness, but local and general. Among a series of phenomena produced by this state of irritation and inflammation, the sensibility acquired by the hairs of the head was not the least remarkable. The slightest touch was felt instantly, and exciting three pain exquisite pain, so that the patient would seldom allow any one to come near his head. Some lately, on one occasion, to put him to the test, gently laid his hand on the patient while standing behind the patient, to slip one of his hairs without his perceiving it. This was done with great dexterity, but the soldier broke out into a sally of oaths, reproached by complaints, and it was some time before he could be appeased."

Lord Wicked.—The Carpet Bag tells the story of a preacher who delighted in long prayers, and made use of the following one at a meeting which he always delivered short ones. At the time when the Duke of Wellington was simple he became uneasy, and being inspired with the love of worm dinners rather than long sermons, he sent a message to the preacher. The preacher was left alone with the servant. The preacher thinking he must do his duty, still continued his prayer, till that functionary, seeing no prospect of a close, walked deliberately up the aisle, and touching the preacher on the shoulder, *he would feel up when he got through, and leave the key at his house as he went along.*

VOICE OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Come to my home!
Maidens the very soul and fireside lonely,
Are pledged to lighten it thy presence only;
Come to my home.

Come, make my home!
Come with thy—our—sweet song,* and light the fire
Of dear domestic love with thy—our—lyre!
And make my home.

Come, share my home.
Come, clasp thy golden harp, and I my lute,
And let us wed through gloom and grief sometime,
Come, share my home.

Then set my home!
My used hath found her nearest life in thee,
And cheerily over my threshold
Come, be my home.

Come—welcome home!
Within these walls shall be a welcome guest
Take, too, thy latter welcome on this breast—
Come—welcome home!

My Christian home—
Religious womanhood shall rule the house—
With evening orisons and morning vows,
Blessing my home.

FIVE POINTS. NEW YORK.

This den of darkness and of sin has been successfully invaded, and the inmates of it are brought to the light, but within the reach of an enlightened sympathy.

The Methodists made the first systematic efforts to reclaim the fallen there. They established a church and Sunday school, and employed a missionary, who, for one year, was open; no rules responded. Moral and religious truth fell powerless upon a naked soul a heart of stone. The Rev. Mr. Pease succeeded where others failed; he came among them, realized at once their condition, and set himself to work to free. He will labor for their bread; I promise to young men, to young women, to children, to the aged, to the sick, to the dying, if one and all will only turn in, and work with him. All this was accomplished, and he has given him the means to succeed; he could not have done it without them. The money was disposed, even, pursued with hundreds weekly, not necessary, which would have built up his church elsewhere, but he could not be sure of his expenditures. In addition to all this, the Five Points House of Industry was established, on the very enterprise he felt vital to success. But the moral here—took the respectable, the philanthropic, and the religious world to help—left mission societies, and forgot their own; and recently the noble hearted and generous, and said: "See the rain: there is no longer need to help—the mission is a perfect success, and the House of Industry is a self-supporting institution." In addition to all this, the Five Points House of Industry was established, on the very enterprise he felt vital to success. But the moral here—took the respectable, the philanthropic, and the religious world to help—left mission societies, and forgot their own; and recently the noble hearted and generous, and said: "See the rain: there is no longer need to help—the mission is a perfect success, and the House of Industry is a self-supporting institution."

**The object of Mr. Pease as set forth in his report, is, the physical, moral, and spiritual elevation of the neighborhood; the suppression of houses of infamy; of "hells;" the protection of the poor girls in sewing-rooms, the harpies who feed upon ignorance, and to make instruction the means of but. The instrumentalities employed to accomplish, were to accomplish, these vital evils are very simple—a Sunday school, a church, a day school, a "ragged industrial institute in the house of refuge; and to which the boys are transferred from *her and our boarding houses* and *cellars*, and *the streets of corruption and of indiscriminate and comfort.*

That is the work of one man. And is he alone? No. Where can, without professors; with no saintly appeal, and no unostentatious manliness, he has had a great deal to do with the children of all over now quite to the bottom.—*In Memory of Humphrey Hollister.* But what is the work of "Walter Hathorne?" My father's father!—And Mary, my Wife." Oh! my mother! Oh! my wife! Oh! my God's head is heavy upon me! I feel it in my heart and soul and body.

And there's another name yet, and it's freshly cut. "Esther Hathorne, their Daughter, Aged 18 years." Oh! my child! my child! Is it her? Why did not the sea swallow me up when I was wrecked! I drowned it. I feel, blood for the sin of disobedience. What is the world to me now?

COMBUSTION.

Q. Why is a dull *fire revived* by sweeping clean the hearth, bars of the grate, and-iron, etc.

A. Because the air, which was aerated by the loose dust and cinders, finds its way *freely* to the fire, as soon as those obstacles are swept away.

The brightness of a fire depends on its supply of oxygen. Hence the rule:

Q. Why does *stirring* a dull *fire* serve to quicken it?

A. Because it breaks up the glutted cinders and coals, making a passage for the *air* into the very heart of the fire.

A coal fire should be stirred from the bottom and not from the top.

Q. Why will *powdered sulphur quench fire* more readily than water?

A. It.—Because *powdered* sulphur has a very strong affinity for oxygen, and converts it into sulphurous acid: as this is the case, the fire is deprived of its principal food; and extinguished, is, in fact, *starved out*; and

Q. Why will *powdered sulphur* and thrown off fense while *fumes*, and surrounds the fire with an extinguishing atmosphere.

The difference between fumes, sulphurous acid and oil, charcoal acid, is this: sulphurous acid contains less oxygen than charcoal acid, and is, therefore, more capable of combining with fuel, and thus extinguishing it.

Q. Why do *lumps smoke*?

A. Either because the wick is *cut unevenly*, or else, because it is *rotted up too high*.

Q. Why does a *lamp smoke* when the end is *charred*?

A. Because it becomes *carbon* is separated from the wick *then can be consumed by the flame*.

Q. Why do not *dogwood tortoises* use the *wheel*?

A. Because they have not the knowledge of the *mobility of the forms*: in consequence of which they have not the power of the exercise of the *centre of the forms*.

Q. Why does a *lamp flame* diminish the speed of a lamp?

A. Because it increases the supply of oxygen to the flame, by producing a draught; and

2nd.—It *concentrates* and *reflects* the heat of the flame upon the reservoir of oil, and thus

Q. Why does the heat of a *draught* diminish the speed of a lamp?

A. As the *steam*, etc., of the *draught* diminishes the speed of a lamp?

A. Because it